

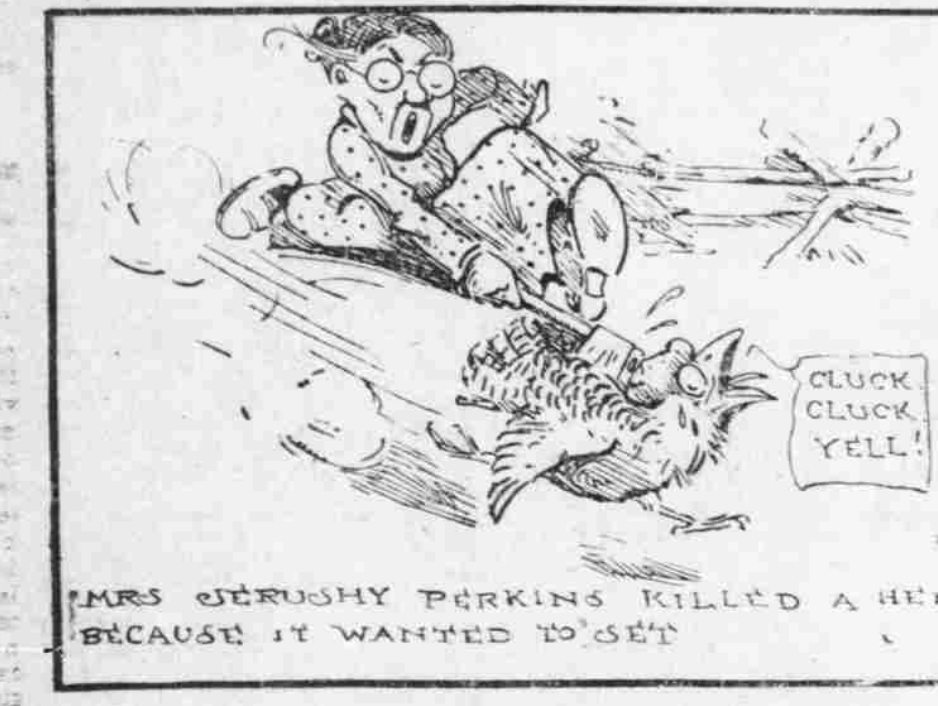
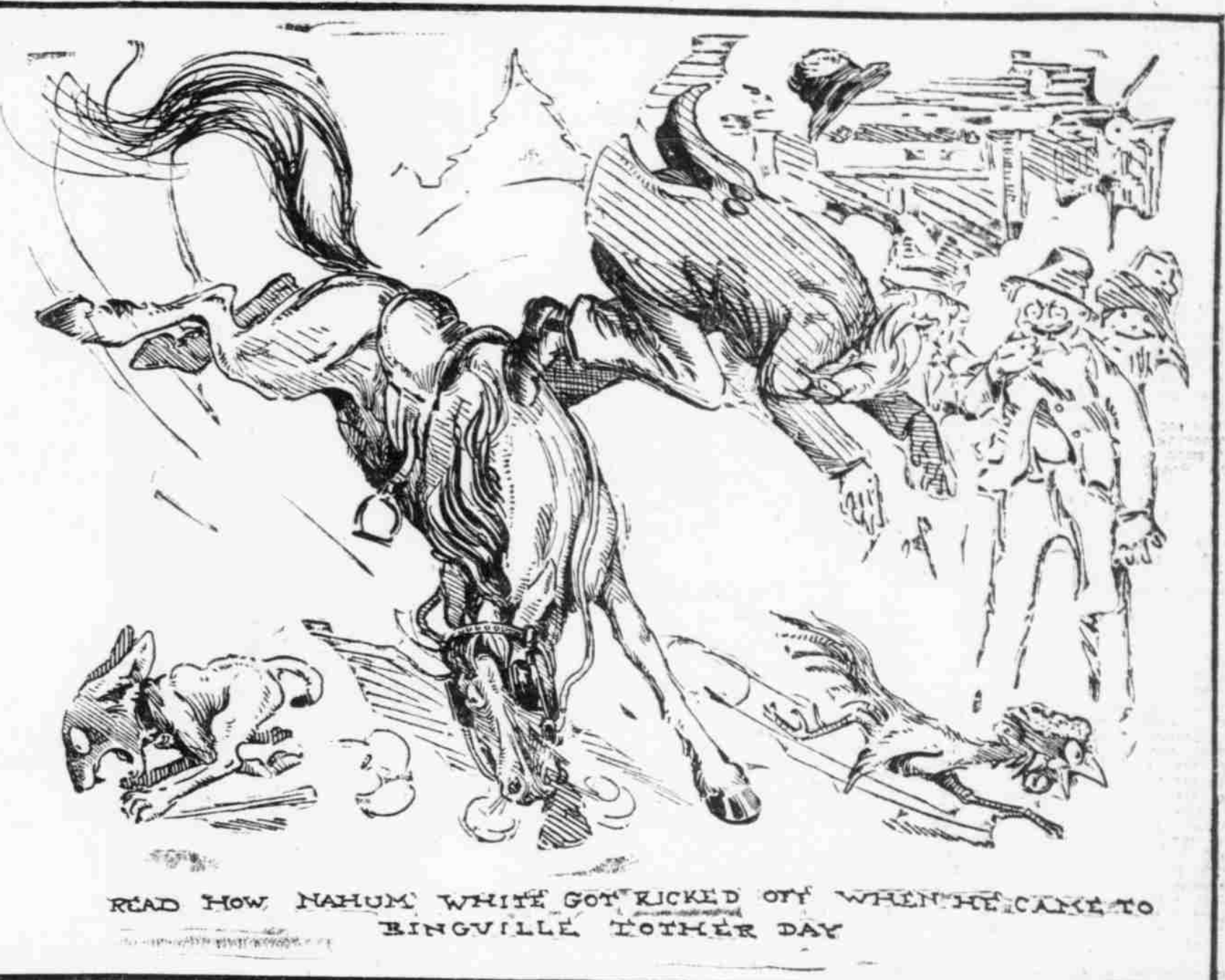
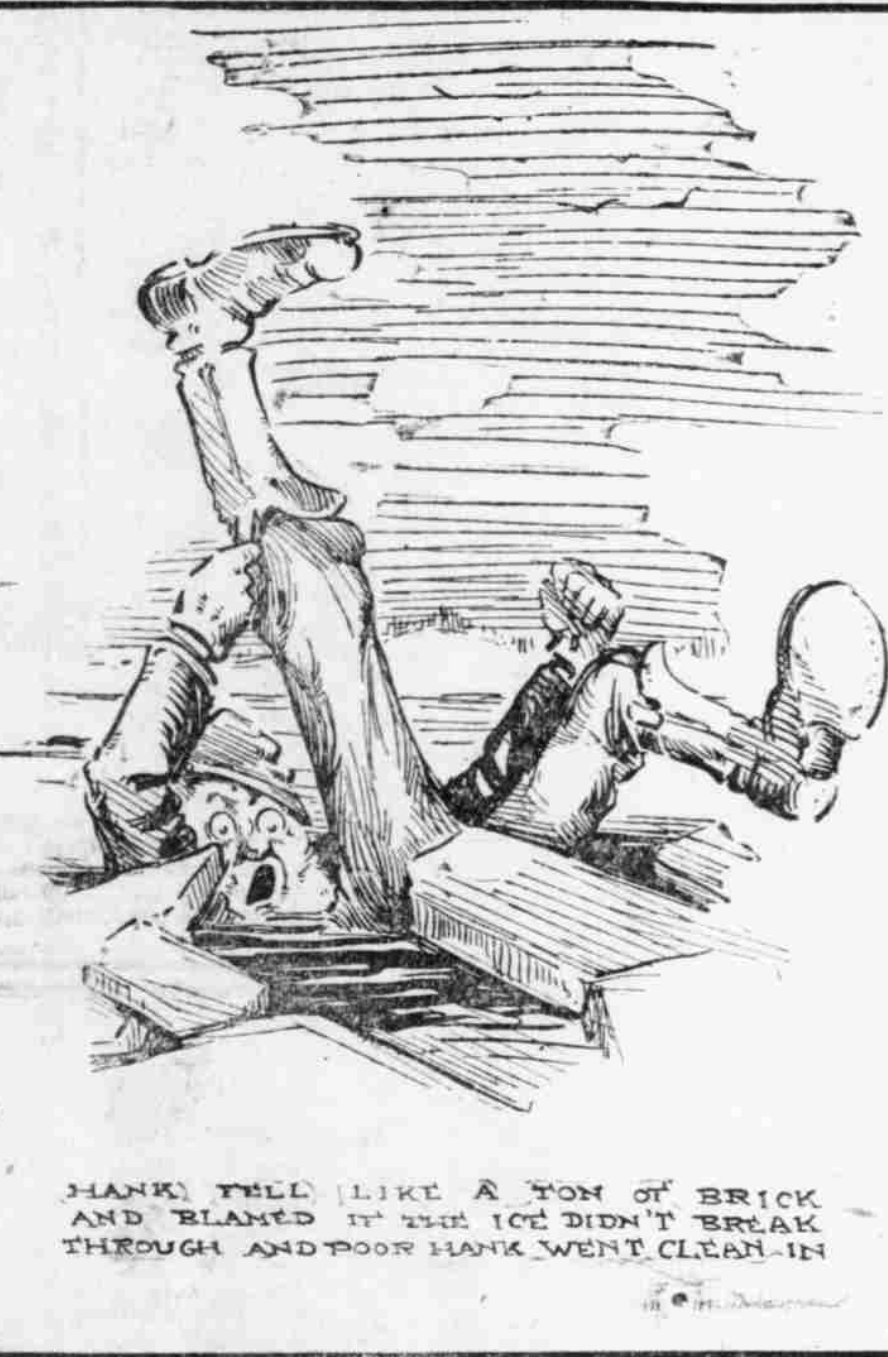
ADVERTISE IN THE BUGLE
Have you got anything to sell or swap? Do you want to buy anything? THEN TRY A AD WITH US. Biggest and only newspaper in this end of the Co.
Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Circulation books open to nobuddy.
YOU'LL HAFT TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

Copyright, 1912, by E. A. Grozier.

DON'T BE A TIDEWAD ! !
Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & thus fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Hot Air and Cold Potatoes.
P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.



THE BINGVILLE BUGLE
The Leading Paper of the County
Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling

How doth the busy little bee improve each abiding hour—By gathering honey all the day from every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the County. If you believe in advertising come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

EDDYTORIAL

Once more that pusillanimous and pestiferous sheet, the Hardscrabble Banner, has cast reprehensible aspersions on Bingville as a town and the Bingville Bugle as a newspaper.

In its last week's issue, which has just reached our desk, the wart-nosed porcupine who goes through the motions of editing the Banner wrote a article calling speshial attention to Bingville as a undesirable place of residence. He says that the taxes in Bingville is higher than any other town in the county and that the town is in debt and that we haven't got any moral tone to us and are proud and haughty and think we're better than other people, and have more dogs than they have at the Co. seat.

We desire to take up these charges and answer them respectively, as follows:

1—Bingville can't be beat as a residence town. Any person who has ever compared Hardscrabble and Bingville would rather be in the Hardscrabble cemetery than haft to live there.

2—Supposing that taxes is higher in Bingville than in any other town in the county. Nobody pays their taxes here, so what's the difference if they do be high?

3—We admit that the town is in debt, but when you find a town in debt that's a sign that it is paying out money to improve itself. Hardscrabble ain't in debt—becuz it's petrified and ossified and was done grown 50 years ago.

4—As to us being proud and haughty and thinkin we're better than somebody else, perhaps we be—we wouldn't haft to be very much to be better than the scum which composes the population of Hardscrabble as you might say.

5—Yes, we have more dogs than we need here, that's a fact, but we don't like to have it throwed up to us, by hen! But there's one thing we don't do—we don't include the dogs in the population of Hardscrabble, as we understand they done at Hardscrabble when the last census was took in order to increase their population.

The editor of the Banner further goes out of his way to say that the Bingville Bugle is going down hill, that he has noticed that we haven't had many ads lately and

that he understands that a good many of our old subscribers are dropping off.

In reply to these charges we would state that if we be going down hill any faster than usual we haven't noticed it. The reason we haven't had many ads in the Bugle of late is because news has been so plenty. We don't know that we ever noticed news as plenty as they have been this spring.

That a good many of our old subscribers have been dropping off is also true, but they haven't been dropping off any faster than usual. How are you going to keep your subscribers from droppin off? Subscribers will die, won't they? As for us, we wouldn't mind our old subscribers dropping off so much if they would only pay up their subscription before they drop.

In closing, however, we desire to emphasize one thing, which is that we don't haft to fill up the Bugle with a lot of patent medicine ads which we don't get nothing for and "this space to let" ads which we see in the Banner every week.

The Bugle is a live, up-to-date newspaper and is regarded as such by its subscribers and the general public while the Hardscrabble Banner ain't regarded as scarcely fit to use to spread on cupboard shelves. We trust this will be the last time we will haft to deal out summary justice to the editor of the Hardscrabble Banner.

Nahum Kicked Off

Nahum White of Snake Bend was a Bingville visitor last Tuesday. Nahum rode in on his old white mare, Polly, and hitched her in front of Hen Weather's store while he went in to make a few purchases and visit a while. About 4 p. m. Nahum unbuckled Polly and led her along side the Upping block, in front of the store, and got into the saddle and clucked to her, but quicken scat Polly down with her head and up with her heels and Nahum went over her head and right smash into a big heap of old drygoods boxes which Hen had piled up to one side of the store.

Nahum exprest himself as a good eal of surprised at the old mare's ackshions being as he said she never done the like before. But Nahum led her up to the upping block agin and got into the saddle a seckond time, but she kicked him off agin. By this time the performance was getting very monotonous as you might say for Nahum, but was highly appreciated by a large crowd which had gathered around the store.

Before Nahum got on a 3d time he examined the saddle critikal, he examined the saddle and found a nail which some fiend in human form had fixt under the saddle flap, and whenver Nahum went to git on it would prod Polly, and then she would kick.

Nahum removed the nail & got on and rode tords home, maddern a wet hen. It is our opinion that some of the lazy loafers which frequents Hen Weather's store playd that trick on Nahum. Come agin, Nahum—we be alius glad to see you.

HANK ALMOST DROWN

Or Froze, He Hardly Knewed Which
—Terrible Narrer Escape and Help Scarce—Has a Bad Cold as It Is

Hank Dewberry, our eminent townsman, had a narrer escape from death by a watery grave last week, and as it is he ketches a terrible cold and as we go to press he can't speak above a whisper and has some fever on him. Doc Livermore says he ain't out of danger yet and is likely to be took off anyhow if newmonia sets in. In this case he might as well of drownd and saved the doctor's bill.

Last Saturday Hank kalkulated he would go over to Gootchic Pond and ketch a mess of pickerels through the ice. Hank says he has had a craving for pickerels for some time past, but being as we have had sich nasty weather he preferred to set around the house by the fire to going clean over to Gootchic Pond and setting around on the ice waiting for pickerels to bite.

Last Saturday, however, it was a fair day and Hank he got his traps together and started for Gootchic, arriving there about 10 o'clock. Hank took along a hatchet and he chopped six holes through the ice away out in the middle of the pond, most a quarter of a mile from land and set his lines with red flannel flags to them so as he could see where he had a bite and lit his pipe and waited for something to turn up.

Hank said he hadn't no more than got his lines set until the pickerels begin to bite to beat anything. He said it jest kep him buzzy running from one line to tother to take the pickerels off, and suddenly as he was running from one hole to another he slipt on the ice and fell like a load of brick and blamed if the ice which was kind of rotten through with him and poor Hank went clean in under. He said he was never quite so surprised in his life an' kalkulates he swallowed about a qt. of water which was cold that it most took his breth away.

When Hank come to the top again he grabbed holt of the edge of the ice and started to clim out, but the rotten ice broke and he fell back in again and got wetter than ever if possible. Hank made another attempt to get out and another and another, but every time he tried the ice would break and he would fall back in. He got turrible tired and disgusted and hollerd for help as loud as he could holler, but nobody seemed to hear him, so Hank tried to clim out again and fell back as usual.

Finally he made up his mind that the only way for him to ever get to shore was to jest kep climbin' out and fallin' back in agin, and thus breaking the ice until he got to dry land. It was terrible monotonous and tiresome work with the shore a quarter of a mile away and Hank not over fond of hard work anyhow.

To make a long story short, or in other words to make a short story outen a serial, as we might say, Hank he broke, and broke & broke away at the ice until he finally managed to git to the shore, but it was turrible hard work, and when he got there he was turrible exosted and also all in and down & out. It was a awful expierients

and Hank told us confidencially that for a while he diddnt know whether he would ever reach shore alive or not and that he prayed for deliverence from on high for all he was wuth. Now, however, that he is alive and well, he has forgot all his vows to lead a nobuller & better life, and is jest as wicked as ever and chews tobacco and swears somethink awful when the occasion demands.

Hank lost all his fishin' lines and his hatchet in the struggle. Big Barker askt Hank if he wasnt goin' back after his lines when he got better, but Hank said that the goshblamed lines and hatchet could rot there for all of him. The only thing Hank regrets is that he diddnt bring home enny pickerel, espeshially when he had his mouth made up for a mess of 'em, too.

Personals

Things has begin to smell like spring. We are glad of it, being as we have had enough of winter to last us for quite a spell.

Start in the spring right by subscribin' for the Bugle. Why borrow the Bugle from your neighbor when you can afford to pay for it yourself?

Last year Ham Wilson purchased four gum collars at the Co. seat which he has been wearing ever since and they ain't wore out as yet. They don't haft to be washed in a tub, only wiped off with a damp rag. Tother ev'g when Ham went to put on one of these collars he switched it into the flame of the candle and dashed if the thing didn't flare up and explode in his hands as it were, burning his thumb and skeering him awful. Ham says he never knowed they would do that and if they expode that way he kalkulates they ain't safe to wear. Ham is probably right.

Mrs. Ezra Johnson is down with rheumatiz. She returned from a visit to her sister up at Sorrow Hollow last week. She says she is glad she wasn't took down there.

Miss Emily Dewberry will sing a solo in the church choir next Sunday morning entitled "Jerusalem." Everybody go.

Mrs. Gid Smalley spent a hole day last week darnin' holes in Gid's wool socks. She says she never seen the beat of Gid to wear holes in his socks.

Jim Hendricks, who is our oldest inhabitant, called at this office last week and paid his subscription to the Bugle to Apl. 1, 1865, which was long before we took hold of it. However, we are glad to get the \$2. Jim tells us that about 10 years after he begin to subscribe to the Bugle he was overtook by finanshal desaster and that he got a little mite behind on his subscription. We should kalkilate he did.

Local Mentshion

Miss Phroncia Watkins made a shopping trip to the Co. seat last week and purchased what she calls a burnt wood outfit. The next day after she got it she burnt her thumb, which she now has done up in a rag.

Hen Smiley and Rance Hillyer traded knives down to Hen Weather's store the other ev'g sight unseen. The knife Rance got only had one blade in it and he couldn't open that one and the knife Hen got didn't have no blades in it, so it was the general opinion that neither one of them got bit very bad.

Miss Sally Hoskins informs us that she is now engaged on a poem entitled "Summer." Sally has just writ for us a most bewtiful poem on "Spring," but says we'll get this summer poem sometime before it gets so turrible hot that it won't be appreciated, even though she is very busy at present making herself a new calico dress, so that she hasn't got much time to devote to poetry.

Mrs. Jerushy Perkins had a hen which has been wanting to set and being as Jerushy didn't want her to set she killed her and had her for dinner last Sabbath.

Bud Hinkley, who ain't quite right in his head, set his mother's henhouse on fire last week which burnt to the ground. Mrs. Hinkley asked Bud why he done it and he said he done it becuz he was cold. She told him she would warm him up and she did.

Eggs is very plentiful in the market at present. Hen Weather's is paying only eight cts. per doz. for fresh laid eggs and nothing at all for old eggs which has been on hands for some time.

Cy Hoskins' absence at church was noticed last Sunday. Inquiry proved that at the last minute Cy couldn't get one of his boots on, owing to the fact that he had pared his corn too close and the boot rubbed it so he remained at home and was present at church only in spirit.

Mrs. Ab Skinner while putting on her bonnet in a hurry recently dug herself terrible with a hatpin so hard that it made her head ache.

Country Correspondence

CALAMITY CORNERS

Gale Hooker was hooked by one of his cows while milking same last wk. He tore his pants and at it scart him party bad, but he was otherwise uninjured. Gale says he diddnt know she was a hooker.

Ezekiel Snodgrass went to Hardscrabble last wk. and purchased 2 lbs. of cheese and the rats got into the cupboard that same night and at it all up. Ezekiel returned to Hardscrabble next day & purchased a rat trap.

It is rumored that Sam Snyder & Lottie Green is to be married some time next June, but the same thing was rumored about these two last spring and the wedding diddnt take place. Sam & Lottie has been keepin' company several yrs., but we won't believe they're goin' to be married until we git a invite.

Jake Haines is dosin' hisself with sulfur & molasses, being as his blood is outen order and he has 2 boils on his neck. Jake says he never had more one'boil on his neck at a time before this time and one was enuff.

News are very skeerce in our midst at the present writing.

PROBONO PUBLICO.

Ice Melting

Amzi Wilkins, who cut his ice last December and put it in the icehouse but neglected to pack any sawdust around it, being as he had other work to do and has been neglecting to pack sawdust about it ever since, announces that more than half the ice he hauled and put into the icehouse has melted on him and that Amzi's left ain't hardly worth packing. Amzi is turrible put out about it.

Ox Brads! Ox Brads!!

Winter is almost over agin thank goodness & you will soon be doin' all sorts of plowin' & harrowin' and remainin' of one kind and another with your oxen. How are you off for ox brads? This is important. It is worse than impossible for any person owning oxen to drive them without using a brad. It is our opinion arrived at after 40 years of drivin' oxen that the human or is the most stubborn crittur that ever lived. They need scutelin' up some now and then to teach them their place and a ox brad is a good thing to scut them up with. I make all these brads myself and I make all these brads with a handle to one end and a sharp point to tother so as a ox can feel it when you give him a prod. They are made outen oak and bichory these brads and shaved down with a piece of a pane of glass until they are white smooth & bewtiful to behold. The price of these ox brads is 25 cts each and that's so cheap, its almost a shame. One would be wuth a dollar to use if you got stuck in the mud with your ox team some day and had nothin' to make em go with.

Yours for ox brads
SIMON KINSEY
Bingville.